

OF  
COURSE  
YOU MUST  
BE  
BLAME,  
ANNE!





I COULD  
NEVER HAVE  
THE  
COURAGE TO  
FLOAT DOWN  
THERE.



ME?



OF COURSE IT WOULD  
BE ROMANTIC, BUT I  
KNOW I COULDN'T  
KEEP STILL. I'D BE  
POPPING UP EVERY  
MINUTE OR SO TO  
SEE WHERE I WAS  
AND IF I WADN'T  
DRIFTING TOO FAR  
OUT. AND YOU KNOW,  
ANNE, THAT WOULD  
SPOIL THE EFFECT.

I DON'T MIND FLOATING  
DOWN WHEN THERE'S  
TWO OR THREE OF US  
IN THE FLAT AND WE  
CAN SIT UP. IT'S FUN  
THEN. BUT TO LIE  
DOWN AND PRETEND I  
WAS DEAD - I JUST  
COULDN'T. I'D BE  
REALLY OF FRIGHT.

BUT IT WOULD  
BE WONDERFUL  
TO FLOAT IN  
THIS BOAT PRE-  
TENDING TO BE  
THE EARTHLY  
REMAINS OF THE  
LILY MAID!







I  
WONDER  
WHETHER  
SHE  
FEELS  
ALRIGHT

OH,  
SHE  
DOES  
LOOK  
REALLY  
DEAD.



...AND FINALLY  
STRAND ITSELF  
ON ANOTHER  
HEADLAND LOWER  
DOWN WHICH RAN  
OUT AT A CURVE  
IN THE POND.

WE'VE DISCOVERED  
THAT IF  
THE FLAT WERE  
PUSHED OFF  
FROM THE  
LANDING PLACE,  
IT WOULD DRIFT  
DOWN WITH THE  
CURRENT  
UNDER THE  
BRIDGE ...



AND DIANA  
MUST BE  
LANCELOT,  
THE  
KNIGHT.

AND  
JANE  
WILL  
BE  
GONE-  
VERE.

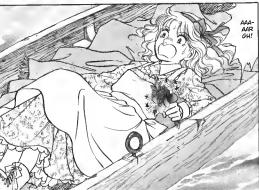
RUBY,  
YOU  
MUST BE  
KING  
ARTHUR.















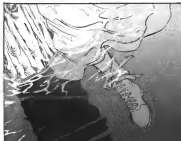


ANE  
HAS  
GONE  
DOWN  
WITH  
THE  
PLAT

WE  
MUST  
CALL  
SOME  
GROWN  
UP FOR  
HELP.

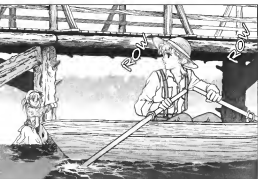


WHY  
DOESN'T  
SOME-  
BODY  
COME??

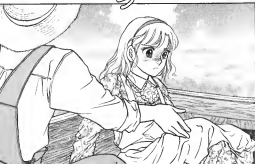
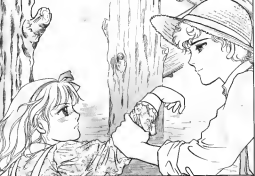


SOME-  
BODY,  
HELP!!











WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED,  
ANNET?



PLAYING  
BLAINE  
?

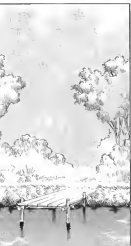


I WAS  
PLAYING  
BLAINE  
WITH DIANA AND  
THE  
OTHERS.



THE FLAT  
BEGAN TO  
LEAK AND I  
CLIMBED  
OUT ON  
THE PILE.

AND I HAD TO  
DRIFT DOWN  
TO CAMLOTT IN  
THE BARGE - I  
MEAN THE FLAT.

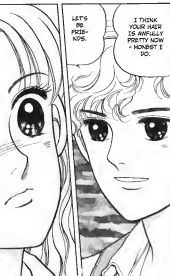




I'M VERY  
MUCH  
OBLIGED  
TO YOU.



ANNE,  
LOOK  
HERE.  
CAN'T WE  
BE GOOD  
FRIENDS?



LET'S  
BE  
FRIENDS.

I THINK  
YOUR HAIR  
IS AWFULLY  
PRETTY NOW  
- MONSET I DO.



I'M AWFULLY  
SORRY I MADE  
FUN OF YOUR  
HAIR THAT TIME.  
I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO VEX YOU AND  
I ONLY MEANT  
IT AS A JOKE.





NO, I SHALL  
NEVER BE  
FRIENDS  
WITH YOU,  
GILBERT  
BLYTHE, AND  
I DON'T  
WANT TO BE!



I'LL NEVER  
ASK YOU TO  
BE FRIENDS  
AGAIN, ANNE  
SHIRLEY,  
AND I DON'T  
CARE  
EITHER!

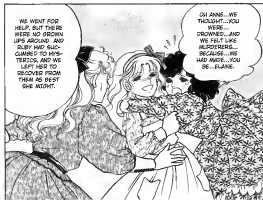
I TOLD  
YOU I  
WAS  
SORRY.

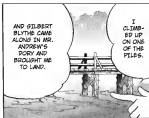


ALL  
RIGHT !!

**STOMP**









BUT,  
THANK  
GOD  
HE  
RESCUED  
YOU!



AND I  
DON'T  
EVER  
WANT TO  
HEAR THE  
WORD  
'ROMAN-  
TIC'  
AGAIN.



IT IS  
ALRIGHT  
AS LONG  
AS YOU'RE  
SAFE.

WE'VE GONE  
AND LOST  
YOUR  
FATHER'S  
FLAT, PIANA.





I DON'T  
SEE  
HOW.



OH,  
YES, I  
THINK  
I WILL,  
MARI-  
LLA.

WILL YOU  
EVER HAVE  
ANY  
SENSE,  
ANNE?



DYEING MY HAIR  
CURED ME OF  
VANITY. THE  
TIME I WALKED  
ON THE RIDGE-  
POLE AND I WAS  
INJURED...

... AND EACH  
MISTAKE HAS  
HELPED  
CURE ME OF  
SOME GREAT  
SHORT-  
COMING.

WELL, I'VE  
LEARNED A  
NEW AND  
VALUABLE  
LESSON  
TODAY. EVER  
SINCE I CAME  
TO GREEN  
GABLES, I'VE  
BEEN MAKING  
MISTAKES...



I WONDER  
WHAT YOU  
SHOULD  
LEARN NEXT  
TIME?



IT WAS PROBABLY EASY ENOUGH IN TOWERED CARLEOT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, BUT ROMANCE IS NOT APPRECIATED NOW.



DON'T GIVE UP ALL YOUR ROMANCE, ANNE...



KEEP A LITTLE OF IT.

A LITTLE OF IT IS A GOOD THING - NOT TOO MUCH OF COURSE - BUT KEEP A LITTLE OF IT, ANNE.



AND TODAY'S MISTAKE IS GOING TO CURSE ME OF BEING TOO ROMANTIC.

I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS NO USE TRYING TO BE ROMANTIC IN AVONLEA.

THAT'S A GOOD THING.

# Anne of Green Gables

Volume 3 Chapter 7



Scanned by  
Nikita

Translated by  
Glad

Edited by  
Glad and  
Nikita

Covered by  
Glad

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**Stabe Stern**  
http://stabe.stern.ru/